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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

INTEMPERANCE.

"Are these the joys of life," he wildly cried,
"Are these the pleasures men enjoy below?
The Syren voice that said be happy, lad,
It call'd me not to happiness—but woe."
PERCIVAL.

Beware! beware rash youth!
Take not the chalice in thy trembling hand—
Renounce it while thy reason can command
The light of truth.
Misery is lurking there—
The sparkling drops will turn to waves of woe,
That o'er thy soul in agony will flow,
And drive thee to despair.

Think not that thou may'st leave
The meshes of this tyrant, when thou wilt,
No—round thy soul a barrier he'll weave
To all—but guilt.
Thy heart of tender sensibility,
Will soon be chang'd to stone,
And the bright fire of that youthful eye,
Flash to despair alone.

I knew a youth, whose lofty, ardent mind,
Could spurn the common place of earth, and mount
To Fancy's regions bright, and unconfin'd,
And draw pure treasures from her chrystal fount.

Oft have I heard his lyre—
Sweetly it sounded from a bard so young—
And mark'd his dark bright eye,
Flashing with intellectual fire,
Whilst thy bright robe, Celestial Poesy!
In graceful festoons round the favorite hung,
Each chord he woke told that thou did'st inspire.

Each lay bore genius stampt on every line;
Yes—Sacred Muse! the bard, the lyre, was thine.
But his proud aspirations all were bow't,
To centre in one form of earthly mould;
Yet her he lov'd, e'en fancy's region—fraught
With all the beautiful—could not unfold
A form more lovely, or a face more fair.
But 'neath that angel face
That form of more than earthly grace,
There beat a heart of pride, that drove him to despair.
At first she gave him hope,
By smiles so soft and bland
As the perfumed zephyr of fairy land;
And youthful fancy's bright Kaleidoscope,
Pourtray'd such scenes of happiness,
That Peruvian to him, were less
Than the faintest glow that bears a name,
Compar'd with Sol's bright eye of flame.
She strove to bind him to her thrall,
Then treated him with scorn;
Oh! that a form so beautiful,
Should such a wretch adorn.

He lov'd—as genius only can—too well!
That heart, all sensibility,
Sunk 'neath the proud Coquette's decree,
And to the depths of vice th' unhappy Poet fell.
False pleasure's gilded dome,
Too soon debas'd his mind, despite the store
Of ancient, and of modern lore,
There garner'd up, from many a ponderous tome.
The Chalice quench'd the bright light of his eye,
Which erst had beam'd with inspiration's fire,
The madd'ning wine pressed'd memory,
And now it glow'd, as might a fiend's in ire,
While madness sear'd her throne, o'er reason's funeral pyre.
Again I saw him, but in death he lay;
Yes—his own hand had rashly dar'd to sever
The chords, that bound his soul to earth—to slay
His body, and his soul, alas! forever.

Youth! ponder on this lesson. Shun, oh! shun,
The path of vice. Fire pleasure's siren song!
Touch not the wine cup, for its waves will run
In madd'ning torrents, o'er thy reason strong,
Bearing along in its o'erpowering sweep,
Thy all of bliss, to fell destruction deep.
Philadelphia, October, 1837. J. P. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WORKS OF FICTION

At a period when the press teems with almost innumerable works of fiction, and while the inexperienced are consequently exposed to injury, a few reflections on the subject will not be deemed irrelevant. The most captivating department of literature embraces fictitious histories, whether in prose or poetry, whose details appear to administer pleasure in proportion as they are removed from the common occurrences of life. A love of the wonderful, and a delight in grand and imposing events, is a natural propensity of the mind of man under all circumstances. It has therefore become matter of regret, that the most valuable works known to the literature of our language, should be abandoned by the mass of readers. Without the pale of schools and colleges the books found in the hands of the young, are with few exceptions those, which contain the narrative of feigned incidents and unreal scenery.

The inquiry may be seriously made, is it proper to abandon the lofty flights to which the imagination invites, and forego the pleasure imparted by its glowing imagery? There is not certainly, any thing censurable in the use of fiction for a moral purpose, when restrained within rational limits. But it will be granted, that there are many productions of an imaginative character, whose effects on susceptible dispositions have been deplorable. It is not denied that tales, and even larger works, may be so composed, as to blend instruction with amusement, and interest the fancy while they instruct the understanding. However rare this combination may be, there are instances in which it has been happily effected.

Unfortunately, however, there are others, of a very different complexion, for passing over some too low for even a transient notice, it may be asserted that those of a superior order, assume a standard of morality far inferior to the precepts of the ancient pagan world. Virtue is frequently represented as oppressed by an accumulation of misery, and as the object of contempt, when the licentious and the vicious, exempt from the punishment due to their crimes are made the subjects of praise, and the objects of imitation. He who shall study in so corrupt a school, will be much disposed to cherish a romantic habit of thought, injurious to his future peace, and destructive of his present happiness. The energies of the mind are withdrawn from those pursuits, which are of absolute necessity to the welfare of mankind in their present condition. The more serious avocations of life are interrupted for the purpose of weeping over a tale of imaginary distress. The imagination exerts its influence without the pain of toil, but the reasoning faculties cannot be successfully exerted without vigorous application, and unremitted labour. It is therefore essential in order to attain eminence in the solid endowments of intellect, to restrict all irregular flights of fancy.

The eagerness with which mankind have indulged their inclination for miraculous or imaginary events, notwithstanding its perversion, is an evidence of the strength of that passion which would rend the veil of futurity. The wild Arab as the shades of evening begin to fall, collects his roaming tribe around the friendly fire, and with the story of some visionary chieftain beguiles the night of its tedious gloom. With breathless expectation they look upon the opening scene of grandeur and beauty, never to be realized on the arid sands of the desert. By the magic voice of fancy the wildness is made a lake, and flowers of perennial magnificence shed their fragrance on the air. Thus combining together circumstances the most dissimilar, and describing events the most improbable, the restless children of the desert employ the whole power of their genius to frame the tale of glory and mirth. The labour of fatiguing warfare, and the dangers of depredatory excursions are forgotten in the rapturous joy inspired by the splendour of an imaginary world.

The passions of the people are thus excited by vivid and glowing descriptions, and the regular, industrious mode of life pursued by more enlightened nations, comes to be regarded as unworthy of attention. Those empires which for centuries were the fountains where flowed the streams of knowledge, have now sunk into ruin, and there can be little doubt their declension was the consequence of that voluptuousness, which is produced by an undue cultivation of the imagination. How far scenic representations, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts generally, were accessory to the work of destruction, the pages of history but too mournfully record.

The literature of nations in the uncivilized state, is particularly distinguished by the supernatural agents, through whom it is principally supported, and without whose aid some of the productions of antiquity could not have been formed. The minds and passions of men were actuated by impressions made on them by a continual attention to objects, remote from the ordinary range of human comprehension. Hence it is that literature of not only the eastern nations, but that of Europe in the middle ages has the same general features. The spirit of chivalry modified the rude nature of our ancestors, and introduced a tone of feeling, the effects of which are still observed.

There soon succeeded a new description of literature, which obtained no inconsiderable popular applause, and in our opinion not without reason. The new race of authors instead of dwelling on ideal topics came at once to the customary transactions of human life, and scrupulously rejected every thing which seemed to imply a spiritual agency. There were indeed others, who continued to imitate the luxuriant, and fanciful descriptions of their predecessors; but the spirit of the age was plainly opposed to the tremendous mechanism hitherto employed. It would, indeed, be injustice not to admit that there were in the preceding centuries authors, who to a profound knowledge of the human heart added a purity of moral feeling which gives them a title to the gratitude of mankind.

There is unquestionably high authority for the use of fiction, as a mean of conveying moral instruction in a cogent and impressive manner. Truths which if openly communicated would excite animosity, and prompt to revenge may be very properly divulged under the veil of allegory. The conduct of the prophet Nathan towards the monarch of Israel is a case in point, which was well suited to the great failing of men, who always perceive the faults of others rather than their own. The powerful application afterwards made by the prophet, had a greater, and more beneficial effect on the mind of David, than the most eloquent expostulation.

Histories which exhibit a faithful transcript of what human existence really is, or which describe actual transactions, though some minor points are feigned, are productive of great benefit. Several much admired pieces of ancient history are conceded to be fictitious, and yet they are valuable as preserving to us a knowledge of the manners and customs of those distant ages. There are also many of more modern origin, which describe the habits and pursuits of the age with an accuracy, that renders them the medium of imparting much useful instruction.

But what is the character of that morality which is now taught under the guise of fiction, and what have been its effects on society? The glowing language in which the sentiments and descriptions are narrated, inspires a disgust for the homely occupations of the world, and instils into the mind a contempt for enjoyments in themselves of easy attainment. Wealth and power rise up almost spontaneously for the benefit of a favoured few, while at the same time the sufferings of multitudes are regarded as a matter of small account. The influence of the imagination, in its improper exercise, on the health of the body is greater than is commonly supposed, a main cause of which is, the preternatural excitement it produces. The hours which nature in her kindness has appropriated for the refreshment of gentle slumber, are devoted to the indulgence of a depraved appetite. To nights such as these, there succeeds a day of gloom and melancholy depression, the necessary consequence of previous exhaustion. All delicacy of feeling and refinement of tenderness is obliterated, or a sickly sensibility induced, which unfits us for all efficient exertion in the cause of real distress.

But it is said that the disposition for reading is a useful one, and therefore ought to be encouraged; but does not the kind of literature spoke of, tend to enervate the faculties, and destroy the judgment, among the bad habits produced by the practice of light reading when carried beyond certain limits, none is worse than the wavering and unsettled disposition of mind it encourages. The acquisition of a fund of useful information is not desired, the object aimed at is to beguile the slowly passing tedious hours, that so heavily oppress the idle. Books of a serious character are rejected to give place to lighter productions, abounding in entertainment, but incapable of administering substantial instruction. A perpetual influx of new fictions maintains an appetite for novelty of some kind, and the attention is directed rather to what is new, than to what is valuable and excellent.

Let us however be understood, we have no intention of advising an absolute rejection of all works of fiction, but while the pleasure is enjoyed, it were well to remember the poison with which it is accompanied. There is a wide difference between the abuse of any amusement, and its rational use; it is right and perfectly consistent with the constitution of our nature, to search for wisdom in the most pleasant places. What we particularly wish to hold up, is the necessity of making a discrimination, and while what is good shall be retained, to mark with a distinct approbation what is bad. More especially should those works be rejected, whose pages are sullied by a degrading profanity, alike offensive to good manners, pure taste, and sound morals. SOLON.

THE MUFFLED PRIEST.

The aisles of the chapel, lately thronged with many worshippers, were silent. The sounds of prayer which had echoed through the groined roof were hushed. The assembly which had knelt in solemn, but erroneous devotion, had disappeared; and the stone image—the senseless object of their adoration—smiled grimly in the gloomy loneliness, as his chiselled features displayed themselves in the temple erected by superstitious wealth to his service.

But one individual remained, a long robe of sombre hue concealing his person, who leaned, as if in deep thought, against the pedestal, on which stood the deity. He was the deity.

A long shadow was cast on the floor, and instantly afterward a tall gaunt figure appeared at the door. A mantle of spotless white overhung his shoulders, scarcely concealing his broad and ample chest. The erectness of his carriage, the dignity of his attitude, the fire of his eye, the boldness of his step, and the proud curl upon his lip, proclaimed him to be a man of rank and ambition.

A contemptuous sneer played upon his countenance—as he cast his eyes about the sanctuary, he glanced towards the stern deity itself, as its deformed features seemed to assume an expression of indignation at the audacity of the intruder. The stranger then turned toward the altar on which, in a golden vase, richly studded with jewels, burned an offering of frankincense, emitting a pale blue smoke which rose and festooned from pillar to pillar, disseminating its perfume through the adjacent space. None of these, however, seemed to produce either awe or respect in the mind of the Roman; for, striding past the shrine, he cried,

'Priest! dost sleep?'

The individual whom he addressed slowly turned his head, muttered, ''tis he!' then drawing his robe more closely about him, answered,

'No, I sleep not. The priest of this deity is not as other men, he needs no sleep.'

'Cease this folly,' cried the senator impatiently, 'well I know all tricks and jugglers of thy craft; save thy precious trash to dose the vulgar—reserve thy lectures for the fools who kneel to this thing of stone!'

'Beware! rash man,' returned the priest, 'how, in the sanctuary of this house, you brave his vengeance; what thou thinkest stone, may possess power to strike terror to even thy stubborn heart.'

'Forbear this idle talk,' exclaimed the other.

'Idle talk!' repeated the priest, with deep solemnity of manner, 'obdurate as thou art, this deity through me, can disclose that which would make thee tremble!'

'I would fain witness the skill of which thou vauntest,' said the senator, in a more serious manner, for he was unconsciously imbibing a portion of the awe which pervaded the place.

'Thou shalt be gratified,' returned the priest; 'what I now tell, thou thinkest buried in thine own bosom, unknown by others; if I disclose it to thee, doubt not that he who presides here can read the hearts of all who approach him, whether to worship or to scoff.'

'Proceed, proceed,' cried the other.

'Twenty years since, Armenius, thou wert a general, the commander of a legion——'

'Well done for the omniscience of thy god,' cried the Roman, jeeringly, 'my many triumphs have chronicled the truth of thy remarks in the archieves of the republic. Is this thy wonder?'

'Interrupt me not,' answered the priest, calmly; 'when I finish, speak what words thou'st mind—till then, listen. Twenty years since when thou wert a general thou hadst a friend—ha! start'st thou now! Twenty years since I too had a friend, but I do not tremble. Thy friend ever served thee, and shared his all with thee. Through his high influence, when accused before the senate, thou saved thy name, thy honour, and thy life—Although thy junior, thou soughtest him for advice, and using it didst bind thy brow with laurels of victory. When surrounded by barbarians and the pilum, taken from one of thine own band, was hurled at thee, his buckler warded off the well directed blow—but,' and his manner became more impressive—his voice more melodious, 'that friend, alas! loved an Italian girl, soft, pure, and lovely as the sky which arches over her native land—see, thou start'st again! did I not tell thee I would make thee tremble? Yes, he loved the girl not with the vile feeling which tempted thee to gaze upon her charms, and admire her for them alone. His fondness was for herself, her rich angelic mind, more than even her dazzling beauty. Treacherously thou strovest to supplant him in her affections by the splendor of military rank, knowing, as he had confided to thee, that their vows had been exchanged. Thou found'st thy arts useless and did'st change thy love to hatred. The girl became thy friend's wife, when thou, falsely accusing him of crime, didst use thy power to tear him from her arms—sell him into bondage—confiscate his property, and strike his name from the list of citizens. His wife survived her miseries, but a year, while thou didst return to the capitol loaded with the spoils of the enemy. Yet with the red hot hand of guilt, grasping thy conscience, and even now, proud and ostentatious before the world, the god tells me in thy chamber, thou'rt a coward—starting, in alarm, if the least noise breaks on the midnight.'

'Who art thou that dost know all this?' cried the Roman, in evident alarm.

'I am the priest,' answered the other, 'of the deity, who can unnerve even the Roman senator!'

A paleness overspread the face of Armenius, as he looked first on the graven image, and then on his oracle, but, by a violent exertion, resuming his wonted carelessness of demeanour, he said,

'Well, if it is so, let it rest—though 'tis all false, as thou hast said, yet here is a purse; I present it to thy god or thee; I suppose it's the same thing—I will to-morrow add another. He may be all thou'st represented him, but I believe neither in stocks nor in stones—however, I have an object; but first, priest canst thou keep a secret?'

'Why ask, have I not formerly done so for thee?'

'Tis true! but this is of more importance.'

'So shall my lips be surer guarded.'

'Priest, I am rich?'

'Thy gifts to me have proved it.'

'I am bountiful?'

'Yonder jewelled vase attests it.'

'Well, then, I will trust thee; serve me well, and I will erect a sanctuary to thy deity the proudest in Rome.'

'My ears are open, and my heart prepared to meet thy words,' said the priest.

'Tis this,' continued Armenius. 'The proud Augustus, our new censor, is about to make himself prince of the senate, and I would thwart him. I have no line of noble ancestors, on whom to base my claims; it is superstition that must aid me; that thou canst command. Thy temple is the resort of the rich and the poor of the city—of the high and the low; by thy aid, and that of yonder stone, my desires may be accomplished, if thou wilt, and I succeed in my designs, I swear to keep my promise.'

The priest consented; when the two, having consulted measures for the furtherance of their scheme, the aspiring senator withdrew; while the priest, drawing aside a veil, entered an inner apartment, and the shades of night enveloped the capitol of the world.

The multitudinous noises of the gay metropolis had subsided; the twilight had passed away, and the moon shone brightly in the cloudless firmament—'twas midnight.

Each pillar reared its graceful capital distinct in the silvery flood which illumined the earth, with nearly the brilliancy of sunshine, save where its rays were caught and reflected back by the pale marble, which rose in tasteful intercolumniation, around the princely mansion of Armenius.

One object only gave animation to the scene, and even he appeared scarcely living, for in the darkness of a deep shadow, he stood, as if transfixed, and made no motion; save now and then the hand, which was laid upon his breast, would contract, as if with nervous action.

Another figure is added to the scene—she glides on tip-toe, and rapidly flies to meet the youth; she throws herself into his arms—his lips meet hers—the sudden transport of delight—the impassioned embrace declares them to be lovers.

Stealing noiselessly into the deeper shade of an adjacent wall, they are concealed from every eye, save that of Him, who cannot look upon such love, so pure, so fervid, and so disinterested but with pity on the sad fate which separated them.

'Agricola, love,' whispered the maid, 'have I lingered too long from thee? thou wilt forgive me, it was to avoid detection that I tarried.'

The youth seized her tapering fingers in his own, and pressed them to his bosom.

'No, love,' he cried, pressing her hands to his lips, and bathing them in the sea of agony, which was rushing from his eyes. 'No, alas, thou hadst not lingered long enough; would that thou hadst never came!'

'Say not so, Agricola. Wherefore dost thou weep thus?' she inquired, soothingly.

'Because,' he replied, 'this is the last time that we meet, Sylvia, and may I not consecrate it by a tear, as one of fond remembrance?'

'The last, Agricola!' sobbed the tender girl.—'Oh, name it not, we never will part again.'

'Alas! what wouldst thou?'

'Live with thee; die with thee; Sylvia would be thy wife.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the youth, as a pang of grief darted through his soul, 'no, Sylvia, it may not be!'

'Then,' said she reprovingly, 'thou dost not love me, or thou wouldst not cast me off.'

'Love you!' cried he, 'it is that I love well, too—'

'Then, why not listen to my prayer?'

'Alas! it is that I love too deeply.'

'No,' cried the girl, 'no, Agricola, didst thou love like me—like me, adore! thou wouldst cast aside these fears.'

'Fears!' repeated the youth, dropping his hand, and flashing a fire from his eye, which illuminated the space about them, 'fears, Sylvia! thou dost not know me, to me fear is a stranger. 'Tis not that which influences me; but recollect, girl—Agricola is a slave!'

The momentary sternness which he had assumed, did not, however, damp the ardour of the girl; it seemed to render him still dearer to her. She placed her fragile arm about his manly neck, and in a tone of gentle reproach. 'Rebuke me not my love', she said, 'thou knowest Agricola is a slave, Sylvia, would share his bondage with him. Her love should make his slavery sweeter far than freedom.'

'Desist, I pray thee,' responded the youth, encircling her waist with his arm, with respectful tenderness, and softening his tone, 'remember your father is a Roman!'

'I know it well,' she answered, eagerly, 'yet still I love thee!'

'I know it, Sylvia; alas, too well, but were I to wed thee, it would draw his indignation on us both. For myself I care not; but for thee—the gods know, sooner would I give my head to the executioner, than those bright eyes should lower before the frown of an angry father. Sylvia, it must not be;' and clasping his hands in agony, he added, 'let me remain a slave, though I love the worthy daughter of a Roman.'

'Cruel as thou art I still will love thee,' she whispered through his ears; 'none but thee I live or care for. My father's wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee; I care—'

'Hist,' said her lover, as he carefully leaned toward the spot they had just quitted, 'when last we met I heard a noise, like that which just struck upon mine ear—Sylvia, away!'

'Never,' cried the girl, filled with love's desperation, and clinging more closely to him, 'never, till thou'st promised. I will die with thee, Agricola, but will not lose thee!'

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall, broke on the silence. As Agricola strove to disengage himself from the virgin, who twined her arms wildly about his neck.

'Begone, Sylvia, I beseech!'

'Till you promise, never!' she articulated, nearly choked with emotion.

Again the noise was heard—if they were discovered ruin would befall the idol of his heart, and he be degraded by the lash. A moment more; it would be too late; he put his lips to her ear—

'I promise.'

In the next instant the light form of the maid was lost among the columns, and ere over, looking hastily about saw the shadow, evidently that of a man, cast on the pavement near him, but so instantaneous was the disappearance, that it had vanished ere he was fully aware of the reality. He kneeled and placed his ear on the stones, but all was silent—save the short beatings of his heart.

The immoveable features of the pagan idol were dimly visible in the breaking day, that stole through the portico of his temple, while equally inflexible, the priest sat at its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, presenting only the undefined outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to the strengthening dawn, the senator with a deep frown settled on his brow, walked in and saluted the priest who rose to receive him.

'Why here, and so early?' demanded the latter. 'I could effect nothing in the short period since we parted yesterday.'

''Tis not for that I sought thee,' answered the visiter.

'Then why this visit?' returned the priest.

'For vengeance!'

'Thou shalt have it,' replied the priest, gathering his robe about him.

'Thou knowest not what I mean, foolish priest.'

'Still thou shalt have vengeance;' and a dry cough, like a death rattle, sounded in the throat of the priest—it might have been a laugh.

'Silence,' said the senator, sternly laying his clenched hand upon the altar, 'the new made laws have deprived us of our innate right to punish our slaves with death—yet I have a slave must die!'

An involuntary shudder passed over the heathen priest, but he pulled his robe more closely about him, and the start passed unobserved. Armenius continued,

'I have a niece, my brother's daughter. She lives with me, my adopted child. This slave has dared to love her. I could let that pass, but she, the daughter of a freeborn son of Rome, forgetting her birth, returns his passion. I heard her swear it to him at the last midnight. That seals his doom, and the slave shall die! Were it not that suspicion resting on me might blight my brilliant hopes, this hand had done the deed; but I am unused to tricks, I leave it to thee; thy trade is craftiness, and thou canst lull suspicion. That but my fee,' he said, casting a bag of gold upon the altar, 'my reward shall make thee rich!'

''Tis well,' muttered the priest, 'how calledst thou the slave?'

'Agricola,' said the other.

The sudden start and half word which escaped the priest, caught the other's attention.

'Why startest thou?' he demanded.

'I started!' answered the priest; recovering himself, and stretching forth an arm much withered and shrunken, 'because this hand was never dipped in blood.'

'A wise priest,' said the senator, scornfully, 'I see thy object; well, be it so,' and he threw another purse upon the altar.

'Thy words must be my law,' said the priest in a low tone—'but, away! the people come to worship.'

The senator cast a searching glance on the muffled face of the priest, he drew his robe about him, and casting a disdainful look on the throng who were now commencing kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded their devotions they retired, and soon the priest was left alone with one person who still knelt at the altar. The priest having carefully fastened the doors, the devotee rose, and, casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine form of Agricola the slave.

'Father,' said he, 'I crave thy blessings. Thou hast been ever kind to Agricola; but he is poor, and all that he can return he now presents to thee, the love that springs from his heart.'

''Tis all I ask,' cried the priest, casting aside his mantle and embracing him, 'the love of the good is the greatest treasure. But, my son, thou hast failed in confidence to me, and dangers beset thy path, ranged thicker than the pikes of the Macedonian.'

Agricola blushed, and sank his head upon his breast.

'It is true,' he replied, 'that I have not told thee all—but now——'

'Mind it not now—I know all;' the youth glanced incredulously into his face, when the priest taking his hand, continued 'yes, all—thou lovest thy master's adopted daughter, and she returns thy love.—Is it not so?'

'Alas! alas! too rightly hast thou said,' answered the young man despondingly.

'Say not alas!' cried the priest, his eyes brightening with delight, 'she shall be thy wife!'

'My wife!' repeated Agricola, retiring a few paces, regarding the other with astonishment, 'and I a slave!'

'Fear not' if thou wouldst be happy obey me—At midnight fly hither with thy bride, and I will unite thee.'

'But, remember,' said the youth, tortured with many conflicting emotions, 'the populace will slay thee if thou dost unite a slave to a free-born girl!'

'Leave that to me. Obey my instructions. Now away! return at midnight.'

At the same hour as on the previous morning Armenius repeated his visit, but the priest met him at the altar, and, as he was about to speak, said in a bolder tone than he had hitherto used.

'The deity has again spoken of thee!'

'Hast thou punished the slave?' demanded Armenius eagerly.

'First must I relate the words of the god I serve, then to my question.'

'Be speedy with thy fooleries!' said Armenius, haughtily, 'I have weighty business to-day, and a few moments to spare.'

'Last night,' said the priest, 'the god spoke to his servant, and said, the friend Atticus, whom Armenius exiled, yet lives! Start not, senator, of Rome—Atticus yet lives, and in disguise, has returned to Rome, found proof of thy baseness, and received honours from Augustus. He has learned, too, that before her death his wife was delivered of a child—that thou didst seize the infant, and didst bring him up as thy slave, that thou mightst feast thy hellish hate in seeing the son of thy rival eat with thy bondsmen.'

'Hast thou ended?' asked the auditor.

'I have,' answered the priest.

'Then know thy god or thou speakest false, for of a surety I know that Atticus is long since dead. Now answer me, hast thou slain the slave?'

'To satisfy thyself how faithfully I have executed my commission,' said the priest, 'raise yonder veil and behold his body.'

The senator strode in the direction pointed out, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld Agricola with Sylvia in his arms. He recoiled at first, but in an instant exclaiming,

'Wretch thou hast deceived me!' unsheathed a jewel-gilt dagger from beneath his robe, and was bounding forward, when the priest caught his arm.

'Hold, murderer!' he cried, 'nor dare to shed a freeman's blood!'

'He is not free. He is my slave,' cried the senator, striving to free himself from the priest who held him with an iron grasp, while he exclaimed, ''tis false—he is my son,' then casting aside his robe, he discovered his person dressed in full senatorial costume, while he added, 'and I am Atticus, a Roman Senator,' then, wresting the dagger from his hand, he threw him from him with gigantic strength, crying, 'thy treason has reached the ears of Augustus. Guards, seize the traitor!'

As they spake the chapel filled with legionaries, who, tearing his robes from the crest-fallen Armenius, conducted him to a neighbouring prison; while the new senator, restored to all his power and estates, with Agricola and his lovely bride, were escorted triumphantly to the palace of Augustus.

HAGAR'S THANKSGIVING.

BY [illegible], ESQ.

"Mother!—mother! hath the spring run dry,
Will not a streamlet bubble forth anew;
Will not that cloud, slow bending from the sky,
Bear to my thirsting lips one draught of dew?
Hath not a leaf concealed within its fold
One tear of night, enough yet for the day?
Mother!—mother! now my heart grows cold;
My eyes are blinded to the noon-tide ray."

Thus spake my child;—my water-course was dry;—
I smote my breast, and turned me from his gaze—
I could not save—I could not see him die—
Nor scarcely dared a prayer to Heaven to raise.
A voice awoke me from my dream of wo;
It said, "Arise—look up, thy boy shall live!
Behold!—behold! where springing waters flow,
Drink to the father of a nation give."

Oh! with what joy I gazed upon my child,
And, as a smile beamed on me from his eye,
[illegible] my agony beguiled;
As thus again I heard him gently cry,
"Mother!—mother! thou hast found the dew
Hid in the leaf, and breath returns me;—
See, now the streamlet bubbles forth anew,

O'Connell's Adventures

In the New Holland and Caroline Islands.

The following description has been corroborated by subsequent travellers.

"After remaining restricted principally to Nutt for about two years, George and I determined upon an excursion, cost what it might. After an abortive attempt to get away in a borrowed Nigurt's canoe, we obtained a larger one, and started. To avoid suspicion it was borrowed, as launching one of my own would have been attended with a parade that would have led my honored father-in-law to suspect even more than was my intention. I had taken the precaution to note on a plantain leaf the names of the other islands and their chiefs. Five or six hours brought us to Chocoich, and upon nearing the chief's canoe-house George struck upon his fife, flute, or cudjong, a lively tune, while I kept the canoe in motion. When we reached the landing, a host of the natives, many of whom had never before seen us, were ready to receive us. With Wajai, the head chief, we remained one night, and were feasted and entertained. A like reception we met at other islands, which we visited in succession, occupying nearly a month in the trip. Possessed of the names of the chiefs, it was my custom, upon ascertaining the name of an island, to inquire for its chief, to whom I first paid my respects. George's flute and my looking-glass were assurances of good reception, as their fame and ours had preceded us.

"Notwithstanding the representations of Aboundel that we were in danger of being eaten if we ventured out of his sight, nothing but the most courteous treatment was received by us. My tattooing, speaking my relationship to Aboundel-a-Nutt, was better than letters of introduction. We were frequently accompanied from island to island, and Nigurts were put in our canoe, to save us the labor of propelling it. During a month thus most agreeably spent we met all of our shipmates. These meetings were indeed the most pleasant part of the excursion, as the reader will well imagine. My friends were much diverted at the respect paid me on account of my tattooing; so far was it carried that the natives often insisted upon my shipmates sitting down, as a token of respect to Jem Aroche, *alias* Aboundel-a-Nutt, *alias* James O'Connell.

"But the most wonderful adventure made during the excursion, the relation of which will put my credit to a severer test than any other fact detailed, was the discovery of a large uninhabited island, upon which were stupendous ruins, of a character of architecture differing altogether from the present style of the islanders, and of an extent truly astonishing. At the extreme eastern extremity of the cluster is a large flat island, which at high tide seems divided into thirty or forty small ones, by the water, which rises and runs over it. It differs from the other islands in its surface, which is nearly level. There are no rocks upon it which appear placed there by nature. Upon some parts of it fruit grows, ripens, and decays unmolested, as the natives can by no persuasion be induced to gather or touch it.

"My companions at the time of discovering this island, were George and one Nigurt, who directed our attention to it, promising us a surprise. And a surprise indeed it proved. At a little distance the ruins appeared like some of the fantastic heapings of nature, but upon a nearer approach George and myself were astonished at the evident traces of the hand of man in their erection. The tide happening to be high, our canoe was paddled into a narrow creek; so narrow that in places a canoe could hardly have passed us, while in others, owing to the inequality of the ground, it swelled to a basin. At the entrance we passed for many yards between two walls, so near each other that, without changing the boat from side to side, we could have touched either of them with a paddle. They were about ten feet high; in some places dilapidated, and in others in very good preservation. Over the tops of the walls, cocoa-nut trees, and occasionally others from spread their branches, making a deep and refreshing shade. It was a deep solitude, not a living thing, except a few birds, being discernible. At the first convenient landing, where the walls left the edge of the creek, we landed, but the Nigurt, who had seemed struck dumb with fear, could not be induced to leave the boat. The walls inclosed circular areas, into one of which we entered, but found nothing upon the inside but trees and shrubs. Except the wall, there was no perceptible trace of the footsteps of man, no token that he had ever visited the spot. We examined the masonry, and found the walls composed of stones, varying in size from two to ten feet in length, and from one to eight in breadth, carefully propped in the interstices and cracks with smaller fragments. They were built of the blue stone which abounds upon the inhabited islands, and is, as before stated, of a slatose formation; and were evidently split, and adapted for the purpose to which they were applied. In many places the walls had so fallen that we climbed over them with ease. Returning to the canoe, we plied our Nigurt with questions; but the only answer we obtained was 'Animan!' He could give no account of the origin of these piles, of their use, or of their age. Himself satisfied that they were the work of *animan*, he desired no further information, and dared make no inspection, as he believed them the residence of spirits.

"Before the tide left our canoe aground we returned to Kitti, from which island we had taken the Nigurt. Upon stating to P[illegible]-a Kitti, the chief, my intention of inspecting the island upon the day following, he told me I ought not, that it was *majorlowt*. My rank, however, superior to his, prevented his assuming authority to forbid it. He then endeavored to frighten me out of it, assuring me that the animan would not permit me to leave the place alive, if I intruded upon their sanctuary. Upon the next morning George and I absolutely struggled away from the natives to our canoe. They set up a howl in concert,' Aroa [illegible]! Aroa [illegible]!—You will die! You wish to look too much! You will die!' We pushed from them, and my rank, and their fear of the 'majorlowt' spot, prevented pursuit.

"Arriving a second time at this deserted Venice of the Pacific, we prepared for a deliberate survey. Having with us no native to annoy us with his superstitious fears and haste to return, we fastened the canoe, and staid upon the island till the next tide. For many successive days we repeated our visits, returning to Kitti at night. No native ever ventured with us after the first day, though one would think familiarity might have lessened their awe, as, at low tide, one might walk from Kitti to the haunted spot; indeed, it is considered a part of that island.

"These explorations were sufficiently interesting to engross all our thoughts. Nothing during my residence on the Carolines was productive of so much deep yet vague speculation. The immense size of a portion of the stones in the walls, rendered it impossible that they could have been placed there without some mechanical contrivance superior to any thing I met among the natives; and no contemptible degree of architectural skill was manifested in their construction, though their dilapidated state afforded no clue to the purpose for which they were piled. Always nearly circular, they inclosed areas from a quarter of a mile to a mile in circumference, sometimes elliptical, and sometimes a perfect circle, or rather a parallelogram, with swelled sides, conforming in shape to the ground. We seldom found any water inside the walls, as they circumscribed the highest portions of the island, making it present at high tide the appearance of a cluster of small walled islands. At its eastern end the spray, which broke over the reef which bounds the islands, washes one of these walls. It must be visible to vessels passing outside the reef, but, to a person unprepared to expect any such thing, would present nothing remarkable in its exterior.

"The largest cluster of these ruins merits a particular description. The outside wall incloses a space about a mile in circumference. This area is not, as in the other cases, empty, but at about twenty feet distance from the outside wall is another, exactly parallel to the first, then at the same distance another, and still another, to the number of five or six. The centre wall incloses a space only about forty feet across, and is perfectly square. The outside wall was, upon one end of the edifice, about twenty-five to thirty feet in height. Upon the other three sides, which had been more exposed to the tide, the walls had become undermined, and had fallen in many places, but the inner walls were all perfect. The standing side of the outer wall had evidently been the front, for square pillars, which had formed a part of some portico, or similar structure, lay across the creek. The entrance, or aperture in the wall, was about four feet in height. Upon entering, no aperture in the next wall presented itself, but after working our way among the brush we discovered an entrance at the corner of the wall, to the right of the first. Passing this, we found an aperture in the next, at the left; and [illegible] left, we penetrated to the inner wall. In walking inside of this, by the accidental falling in of a piece of wood, we discovered a vault, into which I descended. My first supposition was that it was a burial place, but all that appeared to sustain such an opinion was one skeleton, which lay at the bottom, its parts scattered to and fro about the ground. This distribution was probably done by the rats. I found no paddle or war-club in the vault. This body was accounted for after my return to Nutt, where I was informed that a chief of Kitti had been buried there. Upon the island of Kitti the natives were unable or unwilling to give me any information. The logs, and the sods which covered them, concealing the top of the vault, must have been placed when the body which I found was deposited there. The fact that the vault was used for a burial place, even in this isolated instance within the memory of the living natives, would seem to speak some vague tradition of the purpose for which the place was built; but I never could get hold of any more satisfactory tradition than that the ruins were built by animan. In one of the creeks on this island of ruins lay a large square stone, which the Nigurt who accompanied us on the first day assured us an animan had dropped from his shoulders as he was trying to transport it! The person who was buried there was an Edyonet of high repute. There must have been some extraordinary motive to overcome the repugnance of the natives to visiting the place; probably the request of the man himself.

"Brown beche le mer, which may be found on all the islands, having never been disturbed as an article of traffic, is particularly abundant on the Island of Ruins. At low tide the water leaves it in immense quantities upon the bottoms of the inlets. This circumstance will lead, undoubtedly, to future visits and exploration for commercial purposes, and then, as science and mercantile enterprise go hand in hand, a more particular account of this interesting spot will be given to the world. Persons familiar with eastern antiquities will visit it, and may be enabled, by the resemblance of the ruins to those of some ancient nation, to fix the probable origin of this people. Unassisted by any such knowledge, and unaided by the natives, who pettishly avoided inquiries as reflecting discredit upon what they considered a sufficient explanation, I was unable to find even data for a theory. The story that 'animan built them, and that they are the abode of *animan*,' and *majorlowt* to every body else, appears to have descended from generation to generation. It is evident they are the remains of a people superior to the present inhabitants; nay, I may almost say dissimilar. Conjecture was vague and entirely unassisted. The vault, favoring the idea that the labyrinth was intended for a burial place, was the only feature about them that appeared to betray any purpose in piling these huge stones together; and it is not certain that even that vault was not made expressly for the burial of the Edyonet. His bones alone being found there, makes such a supposition probable. Again, the method of building the stone walls on the inhabited islands differs so entirely from the masonry on the Island of Ruins, that the latter are proved the work of another people. Upon the islands, in the walls now made for foundations, etc., though very neatly built, for untutored Indians, stones of all shapes are used; in the Island of Ruins the stones seem broken, if not hewn, for the very places which they occupy. They stand firm, and bid fair to remain everywhere except in places where their foundations have been sapped by the water. The foundation is laid below the surface, while walls now built are commenced upon the face of the earth. I looked in vain, particularly about the entrances, for marks or hieroglyphics; finding nothing of that description.

"George and myself, in committee of two, but without authority to send for persons and papers, at the end of about a fortnight rose and reported that the remains were evidently those of some ancient city or settlement, the date of the existence of which, or the cause of its desertion, we could not even guess; and that the creeks or inlets were formerly land passages, which the water had encroached upon, from the contiguity of the island to the reef. We decided, also, that the reason of the comparative height of the inclosed land is owing to the protection afforded it by the foundation of the walls. Where the walls are broken down the water enters the inclosures. Finally, and lastly, we paid their ethereal worships, the animan, the compliment to pronounce them better architects than any of the race now extant upon the islands. Before leaving the ruins, I christened the little group 'the O'Connell Cluster,' after the agitator."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

L[illegible]S.

Ah, yes! thy peaceful shades invite the mind
To contemplate, the changing scenes of life,
And deep in our hearts, its loveliness to enshrine,
When passing through this vale of strife.
Upon that sacred spot, how many happy souls
Have risen in ecstatic joy, the heavenly crown—
Given to rebellious man that he might reach the goal,
Prepar'd for those, who in faith [illegible],
How oft have the bright winged angels sped their course,
To that dear spot, and mark'd each glowing face,
That seem'd to emanate from Heaven's exalted source,
Soon to step forth and see the Christians race;
Methinks that all the heav'nly host in rapture gaze
Upon that spot, [illegible]—
Determined by Love Divine to lead its residue of days.
In [illegible] rich draughts of Heavenly wisdom [illegible]
And may that heavenly wisdom now be thine,
While yet thy star of life is [illegible],
Lose the young foliage, entwining round the vine
[illegible]
And when the lamp of life has shed its flickering ray,
May thy freed spirit, [illegible] triumph rise,
To claim the crown [illegible]—
Far, far beyond the glittering starry skies. T.

GAMING AND GAMESTERS.

In the reign of George III. and especially between the year 1772 and the beginning of the American war, there was desperate doings in the gambling world; and among the principal performers at the hazard table and at faro were several of the most talented men of those days. On the authority of Lord Lauderdale, the immense sum of five thousand pounds were staked on a single card at faro; and, on authority equally credible, we find the appalling fact of Mr. Fox having played at hazard for twenty-two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds in each hour! So infatuated, indeed, was this justly celebrated, though too often ill-judging man, with the passion for deep play, that he was once heard to declare, the greatest pleasure in life was to play and win; the next to play and lose. The desperate doings of the Duke of Bedford have already been alluded to; but the Coryphaeus of his day, at the gaming-table, at least, was the once noted Major Aubrey, no less distinguished for his love of play than his skill at almost every game that was in vogue; and who, in the circle in which he moved, might with much truth have been styled, "*Homo omnis animi, faciunt erunt facile, princeps*," there being reason to believe his equal has never yet been seen, neither are we likely to see him. Indeed, it is related of him, that on his first hearing the rattling of the dice-box, he exclaimed as Charles XII. of Sweden did when he first heard the whistling of bullets, "*This henceforth shall be my music.*" Here, however, the simile between the amateurs ceases; for the king was killed by his music and Aubrey lived for many years in great splendor by his. He won and spent three fortunes by gaming; ending his adventurous life, however, in nearly the same condition as when he commenced it, with a small annuity which he had the prudence to place out of the reach of fortune. Still, no imputation of unfair play ever attached to the character of this extraordinary man, even in those extraordinary days which were those of the first Lord Barrymore, Sir John Lade and others, whose splendid patrimonies were absolutely devoured by the sharks of the times—that of the first named nobleman, I believe, in a little more than three years.

Were it not from a regard to the feelings of those connected, what a list could I produce, and from the higher walks of life, of victims to the dice-box, the card-table, and the race-course! I could instance the fate of a nobleman, at the head of a highly popular whig family of the old school, who commenced life with a clear inheritance of nearly thirty thousand acres of the finest land in Great Britain, with a princely residence, and suitable establishment; and who lately ended it in something like a two-roomed lodging in London, with the mortifying addition of his name having been latterly very often before the public in connection with money borrowing transactions with others, brought into [illegible] structive means. The mention of this is the more painful, from the recollection of the character of this nobleman, which was, in other respects without a stain; and who, with different inclinations, or having had more command over himself, might have not only been highly serviceable to society, but become one of the resources of his country. Where is the man who could have breathed a whisper against the memory of a certain late illustrious personage, had there been no such thing as gaming and gamesters in the land?—What but the fascination of the dice-box has brought one of our older Baronets to gain his livelihood on a coach-box? Where is the man who still holds in respect the remembrance of a good name, attached to high birth and great accomplishments, who does not tremble for the fate of the present inheritor of the honorable name and vast property which belonged to it?—what must any considerate man think of Mr. Payne, in his evidence on a late trial, that he had "lost nearly all his property by gambling," and notwithstanding this admission, Mr. Payne still pursues the same road which has hitherto led him to destruction? Why, he would naturally draw from it one or the other of these inferences—either that Mr. Payne, impenetrable to example, is bent on being stripped of the last acre of his once splendid patrimony, or, in ignorance of his character, that he will attempt to recover some part of his losses by the same means as those by which a great portion of them have been sustained—for it is a well known fact that he was for many years a victim. It would be well if Mr. Payne would permit me—there may be others who can do it more eloquently; there is none who can do it more feelingly,—to impress upon him one sad truth, before he experiences it himself in all its native force: there is but one affliction in the path of man's life for which a balm is not to be found, and that is the total wreck of property, and all the honors accompanying it. Time, which is the soother of other misfortunes, does but sharpen this; and, as years pass over us, we more sensibly feel, and more deeply lament, what we have irretrievably lost. Yet it is not the weak and the thoughtless only who fall victims to the baneful consequences of the gaming table. The firmest, the most correct minds have been overthrown and wrecked, by the frequent and severe losses to which they have been exposed, when under the influence of this fatal spell; and we could mention princes, peers, statesmen, and men of capacious minds and highly cultivated understandings, who have been reduced to debt, dependence and obligation, by indulgence in this vice. On the other hand, I have been unable to learn the names of more than half a dozen persons in the upper walks of life, who have won money at play and kept it. He seldom lives frugally, says Johnson, who lives by chance; and the proverb of "light come, light go," is generally verified in the gamester. I have somewhere read of one nobleman, having, from first to last, won £1,500,000, and soon after of his having lost every farthing of it.

There are, and have been, persons however, who play, and deeply too, who *never could* win upon the long run. For example, I have heard that a certain Baronet, of very large possessions, who was for many years considered an annual bonus to his club, and to the rooms of Newmarket, of good ten thousand pounds; and this, chiefly, at the all-scientific game of whist;—thus showing, that in him a love of excitement, and not avarice, was the incentive to gaming; and that the mere act of playing the game, without sitting on it, was only the flower without its fragrance. But this worthy Baronet—or I know him well—is not calculated for deep play. In the first place, in the language of the play world, he is not sufficiently on his guard as well as too often overmatched in skill; and, in the next, he now and then became opposed to persons who would not let him win, even with the game in his hand. I have had, indeed, relate to me anecdotes touching each of these points; one of them by an eye witness of the fact. He, (the Baronet) was playing whist in the rooms at Newmarket, with an equally contented pigeon, for his partner, against other members of the said "room," one of whom was dismissed at Newmarket afterwards, for practices any thing but honorable. "How are you getting on ——?" said a friend of the Baronet, to him. "Very well," he replied; "game and game; and we are eight to five or this." "Ay," said the sharp one, sorting his cards at the moment, "and we shall be as many 'eights' as you are, very soon;" when on his winning the ninth trick, he threw down the remaining cards of his hand, with these words in his mouth; "Three by cards and two by honors are five: *five and five are ten.*" But where were the "two by honors?" Why, it was ascertained by the bystanders, *after the stakes were paid,* that the claiming party had only one honor each in their hands! Again, this same Baronet whose chance to increase his fortune by gambling, in such company as this, must have been about equal to the honest simplicity of a Juba, when pitted against the treachery and perfidiousness of a Syphax, was engaged with another party at whist, although of a very different description to the other; when, at conclusion of the rubber, the ace of trumps was missing. After a pause and a search, the late Lord —— exclaimed, "I can tell you where the ace of trumps is; it is in ——'s breeches' pocket!" And there it surely was. I can vouch for this fact, for I was myself at Newmarket at the time. The fact was, the Baronet had had occasion to put his card into his pocket during the play; and so little was his attention at the moment fixed on either the game or his gains, that he left the best card in the pack, in durance vile.

Yet, were the evils of deep play to end here—in the folly of a man risking his money with such frightful odds as these against him, or even in the loss of half the fine domains in the kingdom—there would still be some consolation left to those who trace effect to their causes, and are interested in the character of their country. It is, as I have already said, in its being such a prolific source of the most heinous crimes, and in its powerful influence over the *morals* of the people, that the core of evil lies. The case of the convict Alkenson, lately transported for life for forgery, here stares me in the face, merely as the last upon record. This unfortunate man bore once a character of a good soldier and a well conducted gentleman, but all fell a sacrifice to a passion for play. But a book now before me, '*Crockford's; or, Life in the West,*' gives many instances of forgeries resulting from losses at play; amongst them the extensive one of a person who once held a high station about the Court, and whose escape from prison must be well remembered by my readers, as well as by what or whose means that escape was supposed to have been effected. Other cases are detailed, in which there was no escape, but from life to death by the means of the common hangman. In fact, no less than twenty consecutive pages in the one which records the above named catastrophe, are filled with details of suicides, and of persons executed for crimes having their origin in play; as well as of those who survived to linger out their days in extreme poverty and wretchedness.—Surely, here is a matter for serious reflection in a quarter in which it ought to be awakened!—The foulest, the most premeditated, the most horribly cold-blooded murder, that has, perhaps, ever disgraced England—In modern times, at least—had its origin in gambling; we allude to that committed by Thurtell and his accomplices a few years back. The victim (Weare) was seduced to "the cottage" by being told there would be a pigeon to be plucked upon at play; and it was, therefore, that at their suggestion he went prepared with the booty sought for by the murderers, which it was pretended, was only to be displayed as decoy.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SNOW DROP.

[illegible]

——Sunday Reading.——

Extract from a discourse by Robert J. Breckenridge A. M. on the Formation and Development of the American Mind.

The fashion of this world passeth away. Even as we use its highest gifts, they perish beneath our trembling hands. Its most enchanting beams fade while we gaze fondly upon them. Its noblest monuments turn to dust, as with unsteady feet we traverse their august courts. Its awful names, cut into its most costly marbles, live dimly in effaced and well nigh effaced; and those mighty institutions which made these names sacred, vanish away, even more completely than they. Amidst this grand and mournful scene, the great human host passes onward as heedlessly as if it trod not on the ashes of the glorious dead; hearing no voice from the mighty ruins of the past, seeing no promise in the majesty of coming events. And they whose hearts burn with fervent fire amidst events so vast yet so evanescent, I, they too are borne onward by the same resistless tide, which sweeps all else away; the glory for which they sigh, the mere reflection of the ruins over which they hasten; and the very works which should win it for them, buried under the fragments of those systems they were intended to commemorate.

Yet it is a fair and blessed world; and in it there is opened before us a theatre for every high and virtuous effort, for all benevolent and virtuous influences. We may not perpetuate our own obscure names, nor give lasting continuance to our most cherished plans for good. We cannot blunt the iron tooth of time, nor break his leaden sceptre, under which all former states, and all possible institutions have been broken and consumed, and to which all that shall yet arise, may be obliged to pay the same fearful tribute. But there is a subtle and mighty influence, which time itself cannot weaken, which long ages, as they pass away, hardly dilate. Generation sweeps after generation in its brief career, as wave chases wave on the bosom of the deep, and when each dashes against the shore, it is lost forever. But the spirit that pervades those fleeting and nameless generations, perishes not with those in whose bosoms it ruled, nor passes away with the monuments erected to illustrate and enlarge its reign. Here our work for good or ill is almost immortal. The laws of Solon are no longer laws; his people have for ages scarcely known his name; and for twenty centuries the principles of his polity have been banished from his native city. Yet the spirit of the Athenian people, of their laws, their liberty, their institutions, and their literature, has influenced every succeeding generation; and at this hour burns more brightly and warms the human heart far more intently, than in the freest and most glorious days of Greece. So to shall it be with the great republic. The names of its wise and virtuous citizens, except a very few, must be forgotten; the details of its thrilling and romantic history may perish, leaving behind only the grand outline of its origin, its struggles, and its triumphs; its simple and noble monuments may all decay; nay, even its glory may be obscured, its strength depart, its sacred principles be all subverted, and the ploughshare of ruin be driven deep and wide through its sacred bosom. Alas! that were indeed a sad day for man. But even then we shall not have lived in vain. The name of Washington will electrify all coming ages, and in the day of triumph o'er the evil passions of all who struggle for liberty. The light of our glorious career will forever illuminate the path that leads the weak and the oppressed to freedom, strength and boundless prosperity. The spirit of our laws, manners and institutions, shall abide upon earth, the redeeming spirit of succeeding times, resisting all the efforts of ignorance, barbarism and tyranny, living in the very core of the world's heart, and defying all attempts to extirpate it,—until the whole mass shall be warmed and enlightened, and the flame, like that the ancients fabled, shall break forth at once in ten thousand places, and all the earth itself with brightness.

This is our theme to-day. We would trace briefly, the origin and growth of this glorious spirit in our republic, *the formation and development of the American mind.* This shall we see most clearly how a wise and beneficent providence has made us what we are—the manner and extent of our ability to bless mankind, the nature of the benefits we are able to confer, and the evidence that whatever may hereafter befall us, our spirit must at last pervade the world. The greatness of the theme, will hide as with its shadow the meanness of the attempt at its discussion.

Pious Women.

They are the women who bless, dignify and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing them diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap, or collar; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dictate them—but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good; and, above all, they possess His favor whom to know is life eternal.

There is no earthly motive which can stimulate a good man to such unwearied exertions as the thought that these are contributing to the happiness of beloved objects. And this generous love, prompting to exertion, can give dignity to any honest employment, and it does impart sentiment and delicacy to the character of those who cherish it, elevating the heart and mind of the patient person far, far above the rich and luxurious, who live only for their own selfish enjoyment.

RELIGION.—In times of strife and tumult, religion is the first thing that grows dim—as, when a storm is at hand, the heavens are the first to [illegible].

— The Ladies' Friend. —

We seldom run headlong into speculations with the advice of our wives. We should never become gamblers, or drunkards, or rakes, if we consulted them. I believe in making a confident and counsellor, as well as a friend of a wife. I never would take an important step without consulting her; it she disapproved it, I should weigh well her reasons, and hesitate long, and be well convinced before I disregarded them. In all the affairs of life, I think the influence of female opinions would prove a salutary check upon the spirit of headlong recklessness which is becoming more and more identified with our character.—*Trenton Emporium.*

Hints to Young Ladies.

Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters.—Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

So many temptations beset young men of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home; that their friends should be your friends; that their engagements should be the same as yours; and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle.—*Young Lady's Friend.*

Many of the supposed compliments to women are unconscious pieces of impertinence; they presuppose undoubted superiority in the givers. A gentleman, for instance, a short time since read at a literary institution, an essay "on the importance of the influence of women on human happiness." An essay on the importance of one half of the human race! What would the ingenious and gallant orator have said or thought had he have heard a lady deliver an essay "on the importance of men," taking it for granted that women were the main and the human race the men a mere sort of animals.

What a wife should be is beautifully delineated by a French writer, from whom is translated the following highly colored portrait which we hope may find many living originals in this country:—"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of a wife and mother, and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family she reigns over her husband by complaisance, over her children by mildness, and her domestics by goodness. Her home is the residence of filial order, peace, sweet sleep and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents and dissipates the evil passions; the indigent who claim her charity, are never rejected; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light [illegible]

Account of a man who submitted to be buried alive for a month, at Jaunlmar, and was dug out after all the exparations of that period.—The following extraordinary narrative by H. M. Tweddell, Esq. published in a recent No. of the India *Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, we consider worthy a place in our pages, though we are not aware of what degree of credit is to be attached to it.

"I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about it before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed: this morning, however, the full month was over, and a man who had been buried all that time, on the bank of a tank near our camp, was dug out alive, in the presence of *Rose Lal*, one of the Ministerial officers of the Mursul, at Jaunlmar, on whose account this singular individual was voluntarily interred a month ago. He is a youngish man, about 30 years of age, and his native village is within five kos of Kurnaul: but he generally travels about the country to Jaunpore, Kotah, Ender, &c. and allows himself to be buried for weeks or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance the Rawul (his singular anybody) in requisition, under the hope of obtaining no fear to a person, and whether the remedy prove efficacious or not, it certainly deserves to be known.

"The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and moreover, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place which he chose for his grave at Jaunlmar, is a small building, about 12 feet by 8 feet, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to leave the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, during the interment. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the sealing up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave. Trevelyan's mountain army running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been inclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands crumped and powerless; his stomach strongly work, and his teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth as one experiment to cram a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses, and the use of his limbs, and when he went to see him, was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying, 'that he might truly lain again for a twelvemonth if we desired.' He told Major Sneyd, who observed on his powers, and was laughed at as an impostor, that Corporal Macmullen put his abstinence to the test at Poktun, by suspending him for three days, shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is hardly long enough for a man to kneel in because the box when hung from the ceiling, is open to inspection, on all sides, and on all points, &c. can be easier prevented from getting at his body, while he thus remains in a state of abstinence. His powers of abstinence must be wonderful to enable him to do without food for so long a time, nor does his hair grow during the time he remains buried.

"I should believe that there is no imposture in the case, and that the whole proceeding is actually conducted in the way mentioned above.

This letter was written by Lieut. A. H. Boileau, of the Engineers, first assistant Great Trigonometrical survey, who at that time was employed in the survey of that part of the country. The gentleman, whose name has been mentioned in the letter, are Capt. Trevelyan, of the Bombay Artillery, and Corner, now Lieut. Macnaghten, of the 5th regiment light infantry, assistant to the agent to the Governal-General of Rajpootana.

Some other information I obtained in the course of conversation with Lieut. Boileau and which I noted down. Lieut. Boileau was unacquainted with the man's name or caste; he believed he had taken up the idea of performing it; he understood that the man had been buried six or seven times, but whether for any period longer than a month he knew not: he did not know how often Corporal Macmullen put them, or when he commenced to practice them.—Lieutenant Boileau arrived at Jaunlmar, after the interment, and saw the place described in the letter, in which the man was buried. There was a guard of four or five Sepoyees, in the employ of the ministerial, as he understood, who were on the watch, to prevent any interference or imposition. The process of burying, and of disinterring was conducted in the presence of Rose Lal, one of the ministers of Mulraraj. The day fixed for the interment was known to Lieut. Boileau, but not the exact hour. Captain Trevelyan's moonshee, who had set forth to give intelligence when operations were to be commenced, arrived only in time to see the people ripping open the cloth, or shroud, in which he had been sewed. The moonshee immediately started off to a man to inform his master, and Lieut. Boileau, who were in their tents, here the trace of about three fairings.

They seized a few seconds to squeeze Lieut. Macmahon, of the 14th regiment, N. I. British Agent for the navigation of the Indus who had declined to accompany them; but arrived on the spot as quickly as possible. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed, since the opening of the grave, before they arrived. The people had been a clean cairn over the top of two of their supported him; he presented an appearance of extreme emaciation and debility; but he spoke as his spirit were good, and had confidence in his powers undiminished, as to answer to Lieut. Boileau and Captain Trevelyan's inquiries, he said 'That *he might lurry him again for a fourteenth if we pleased.*' Lieut. Boileau examined, and measured with his walking stick, the grave in the floor of the chamber in which the man had been buried, and found the two slabs of stone which had been used to cover the mouth of the grave. For seven or eight days preceding the burial, the man used emetics, in order, by regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give nourishment to the excretory organs. In that state he remained, for a month, in a trance, or a great dread of the white ants. Several folds of cloth were spread on the bottom of the grave, to protect him from their attacks. On taking possession of the grave, he is said to have been in a state of anxiety, until he has ascertained that the powers of his stomach and intestines are not to be disturbed by the white ants. It is to be understood that he regained his strength for some time in consequence of the return of the Mahratwas, in the hope of recovering the reward, and that he thought of waiting until the purse strings of the patron were loosened, he had stolen a camel and departed.

A Spanish Tribute to the Virtues of the Quakers.

The "Noticioso de Ambos Mundos" of Saturday, in an article entitled "Poverty is not a misfortune," has the following excellent remarks upon the characteristic traits of the Quakers, which are strikingly applicable to the present truth. "It has never been proved until of late that quakerism is favorable to longevity, and a remarkable example of its absence in a numerous class of society is to be found among the Quakers, or commonly called, Friends established in England and America. With some peculiarities of language, the manners and habits of individuals are upon the most perfect equality of the same tastes. They subscribe to the public inquiries of misfortune, and in the late the bases of moral truth. The Quakers practice honesty in all other cases, and seem to have only an instinctive. The consequence of this is that, although there are many thousands of Quakers in England and the United States and America, in neither country do we ever see a carriage of a miserable Quaker in the street; and scarcely ever does the latter of them appear before the criminal courts.

"In other classes the Quakers are engaged in the common affairs of life, sometimes, conclusion, as do, and indeed they are employed in every kind of trade and occupation.—They are subject to the same temptations and the same misfortunes as others, and all are equal through the exercise of a singular kind of prudence and discretion. The secret of the Friends is a clear demonstration that without the aid of civil power, and things for the influence of moral force alone there is a class of men, in the midst of society itself, who escape poverty, and to its greatest example in its vices and crimes.

A Flues on Fire.—The country about Bonchurch, wonderfully set on fire by the lightning, partly to provide themselves with a stock of coal, and partly to provide themselves with a stock of coal, and partly to provide themselves with a stock of coal, and

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, November 1st, 1837.

☞ We have been informed that one EDMUND B. TUTTLE is still receiving money due on Atkinson's periodicals, in the neighborhood of Auburn, New York. *This Edmund B. Tuttle is a villainous Swindler*—and the public has long since been cautioned, not to pay him for any subscription due. We again notify our subscribers to be aware of him, as we do not acknowledge his receipts as valid.

Mr. B. B. Peck is our accredited agent at Auburn, New York.

New Agent.—Thomas J. Newvill has been appointed agent for Atkinson's periodicals at *Centreville, Md.* in place of P. Granger, Esq. resigned.

Samuel M. Robbins, of Troy, New York, is no longer agent for the Casket, S. E. Post, &c.

Henry Barber, of Providence, R. I. do.

C. C. Norrell, of Natchez, Miss. do.

Meech & Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, do.

The first snow this season in Philadelphia, fell Tuesday, from day-light until late in the afternoon.

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.—We have been within a few days a specimen of the incorruptible teeth, manufactured by S. B. W. Stockton, No. 16½ Vine street; which their natural appearance, cleanliness, and beauty, are to be admired. In the fair of the American Institute, lately held in New York, a premium of a gold medal, was awarded the manufacturer. They may be confidently recommended as being excellently well adapted to imply the place of the natural organs, which time through accident, disease, or the process of age are destroyed.

It is said, the Banks of this city, at a meeting recently held, appointed a committee to ascertain the amount of notes under the denomination of ten dollars, in circulation, and to consult with the Corporations and Loan Companies, in order to stop them withdrawn.

Here is now being exhibited at the Masonic Hall, Chestnut street, a Panorama, representing the principal events in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. It commences with the battle of Waterloo, and terminates with the funeral of the buried warrior, on the Isle of St. Helena. The different pictures are moveable, and the whole is composed of appropriate music, given with illusory effect. The scene where Napoleon is going to surrender himself to Captain Maitland of the Northumberland, struck us as particularly beautiful. The whole exhibition is regarded as eminently worthy of public patronage, for its correct historic merit, and as a grand, emphatic history of the fortunes of Napoleon, who, at one time, threatened the subjugation of the world.

The Rail-road between Providence and Stonington is called the New York, Providence and Boston Rail-road," opened on the 13th inst.

The schr. Sarah Ann, Capt. Bontemps, from Boston, arrived on the 1st inst. at New Orleans, with 288,171 in specie.

On Monday evening, after the fall of snow, the streets presented a beautiful appearance; and the whole northern sky with a brilliant display of light.

Messrs. E. L. Carey, and A. Hart, have published a work, called "The Good Fellow," which, we understand, is highly approved by a Philadelphian. The object is a worthy one, and the end to which a want of courage exposes men. The scenes are well drawn, and the incidents of the plot are such as often exhibit much dramatic talent. The impression made on the mind of the reader is favorable. The manners and customs of the age of great importance, and the fate of the tale is that of thousands, whose want of character betrays them into the snares of the unfortunate; but for which they would not serve the great part of the first rate pleasure and advantage.

Mr. Elliott, No. 3 north Fourth street, has added a new work, with the title, "Elliott's Western Souvenir." Vignettes of the events described, is to be given in this work, and the story is related in an interesting manner.

The tales are "Ethel Churchill, or the Two Rivals," by S. C. Hall's "Uncle Horace," and Lewis's "Stokeshill Place, to the Man who have been published in London.

The Boston Journal, says, the Banks in that city will issue no paper under five dollars, after the first of January next.

The performances at the Circus are again new and amusing feats have been introduced into the Pantomime of Alexander of Macedon. Mr. Rockwell, a young gentleman, who made his first appearance on the evening of the 30th ult. in the difficult exercises of the female Equestrian Act, and the flying courses of the Circle, has fully justified the encomiums bestowed upon him, by the numerous and delighted audiences that have been attracted to the establishment. The performances of the establishment have been marked by good fortune uniformly maintained, and the liberal and drunkenness are at the command of public amusements. We trust that their efforts will be made at other places, for if it certain would give them support.

The American Theatre, Walnut street was opened for the first time this season on Wednesday night, Mr. Booth as Hamlet. The house was splendidly illuminated and a convenient alterations have been made in the recess. A large and respectable audience were present, and testified their approbation of the performance, and the elegant arrangement of the interior.

The Arch street Theatre was literally besieged on Monday evening, by a dense collection of persons anxious to obtain ingress into the first performance of Mr. Forrest's engagement, since his return from Europe.

MORTALITY.

During the month of October, ended from the city of New Orleans, on the 23d of August, two hundred and twelve persons died of the fever prior to the 6th of August, and on the 19th, there were only two deaths reported.

ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Every person produces an article of food, or any branch of business it is his interest to have persons are dishonest and will take the advantage of it, by

Dr. Vegetable Pills having been attended by the extraordinary success and their application in influenza apothecaries have procured approval, by making and the genuine qualities of Dr. Rogers's to an immense extent, by the numerous practice of inferior quality, and pictures of the original article. Be therefore cautiously avoid and number various counterfeits, that did not admit of absolute demonstration.

The Newborn Spectator, indignantly contradicts the story of the burial of Miss Vanderbilt, daughter of the tragedian will appear in one of the characters.

EDUCATION.

No rational being can behold with indifference the numerous and diversified objects around him, nor can he refrain from an investigation of their design. The human eye cannot consider the magnificence displayed in every part of the creation, without some impression being made on the understanding. The peculiar and ennobling distinction of man, appears to consist in an intelligence capable of indefinite expansion; and whether in a civilized or savage state he is found exercising this prerogative and shaping the business and pursuits of existence to which no other animal can possibly attain. He advances from one degree of mental vigor to another, and seems scarcely willing to be restricted by the bounds of the material universe. The powers of intellect are not confined to a single series of objects, but embrace the whole extent of nature; not only marks the unfolding of the seed in the earth, and traces the tender plant in its growth, but measures the heavens, and enumerates the orbs that glitter in the firmament. He has been originally endowed with a sent

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE ROVER'S BATTLE SONG.

BY THOMAS DENNY MOORE.

Fling loose our flag of sable dye,
And let it float upon the breeze;
Tell fear no moment lurks in eye,
That's rang so long upon the seas.
And let our gloomy banner wave
High o'er our triangle of war green.

Who dare dispute our power? our right
To lord it o'er the swelling tide?
Who dares with mad'ning brain to fight
The monarchs of the seas? Let them appear! the foaming wave
Shall prove their dauth cowed, and their grave.

What were we for the forms of law?
Law as the lubbers on the land!
Thus never made to rear an awe
Or one of all the gallant band:
No law, nor sentence,—our sword the wave,—
And be our dungeon dark, the grave.

Then fling! whene'er in darkest night,
Were frowning o'er the bloody strife!
Above our enemy, during combat's fight,
To guard thy helm, mount their life,
But not! our swords be blood we'll love,
To find in enemy's bosom a grave.

But! knowest in the bonds of error,
Who long have braved the winds and seas,
Shall we, the natter of rash alarm,
Be sewing like dogs from gallows fleece?
No! never! been, if truly brave,
Most find, of FREEDOM, or THE GRAVE.

PARISIAN COURAGE.—As an old woman was walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I," said she, "dont be afraid."

NEAT PUN.—A printer, on seeing a sheriff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, remarked, "That's what we call the publication 'Parson's of Literature,' unbound and *but pressed*."

PERSECUTION.—A certain notary of Saint Patrick, one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "Arrah," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you! I lost three shillings on your brother yesterday."

SURGICAL STORIES.—A young medical gentleman right from the schools, was called upon to extract a substance from the nose of a child, but not succeeding, he applied to one of his elder brethren for an instrument, and sought his advice. His friend inquired if he had tried strong horses, medicines that produce sneezing. The young doctor said he had, *but they had slipped off*.

A BRASS MATRIMONIAL BRETZE.—"Arrah Pat, and why did I marry ye? just tell me that: for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yer house."—"Sweet jewel! replied Pat, not relishing the charge,) and it's myself that hopes to live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the cowld sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye get along without me, honey, dear."

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom: mercy on us, how my head swims!"—"Zounds, madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

REVERSE GENTILITY.—Some people form their notions of gentility from odd concomitants. A salesman took up a well-dressed female, who made use of expressions which rather startled him, and he observed to a friend of his a back seat-coachman, that he had an idea the higher classes used such language. "Pooh, pooh," replied the coachman, "she wasn't a lady—they wear pockets." replied the salesman, "a real lady, *hat and feathers*."—*New Monthly*.

DEN.—A periodical published a century and a half ago in London, gives the following account of the origin of this word. In the reign of Henry VII a famous bandit, named Jon Den, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was extremely dexterous in the rough business, that it was usual, when a person resisted to put his finger to say, "*Why don't you shut him Den.* That is, why don't you send Jon Den to arrest him?" And hence the custom of calling a person who presses another for the payment of money, a Den.

In the neighborhood of Killarchian there lived two men, father and son, weavers by trade, and sole inhabitants of the tenement. For years they had made family worship before going to bed, the old man praying, and the son reading the chapter. One night the son was reading from the twelfth chapter of Revelations—Another winner in Heaven, a great shrieper, cried Hughie, says the father, "thou's wrong—it's no shrieper it is a dragon."—"Why should ken best, would ken," says I, "and the best ken more of it." "I'm no heeding about that, replied the old man, I've read it fifty times, and it's no a dragon. Dragon, Hughie, did ever ever hear o' a dragon being in that guid place?"—"I never did, Father," says Hughie, "and it's no a wonder, though."—"Well, weel, said the father, 'read awa, Hughie, it could be nae sin to Uniters bloody troop, at any rate."

LE BOUQUET DE NOCE.

A wet eleven years ago a lady, accompanied by a young girl, evidently suffering from illness was in the daily habit of attending mass at the church of St. Severin, in Rouen. On leaving the church she always gave a trifle to a poor beggar who was regularly stationed at the church door, and the child likewise deposited her offering in his hand, entreating the benefit of his prayers for her recovery. This continued for several years, till at length one day the beggar disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. Some days ago a wedding was celebrated at Rouen. M. P., a wealthy landholder, was about to receive the hand of Mlle. Amelie L., an amiable and accomplished young lady. A rumour hastily had been much endured in consequence of the severe illness of the bride. The notary was on the point of offering the pen to the bride and bridegroom preparatory to their signing the contract of marriage, when a stranger, of a rather rustic appearance, desired to speak with the notary, without further ceremony, placed 30,000 francs in bank notes on the table, and said addressing the notary, "Write, sir, that Mlle. Amelie L. brings her husband a dowry of 30,000 francs." The beggar of St. Severin is come to return his benefactress the money that she lent him. An explanation soon took place. While in the notary collected at the church door the beggar had been able to purchase a piece of land, and by dint of industry and perseverance in his fathers trade, he had gradually become a very wealthy man. "But never, he said, did I pass a day without thinking of my benefactress: I know she was not rich, I heard she was to be married, and I have brought her my humble offering." The assembly he added "the gift of his full membrane become an honored guest of the coming wedding festivity.—*Echo de Rouen*.

HEALTH OR CAPITAL.—Raising *early*, is a habit of high importance to children, as it assists in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other times. There is a natural propensity at seldom generosity, to early rising, which tends only to be cultivated and encouraged. It is unnatural to retire to bed seven hours before their parents, and at daylight, or at least at sunrise, are prepared to awake, and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually kept up with difficulty, to the habit of taking morning naps which, when once formed, generally prevail through life. Let the father duly *remember* to be up in the morning, and the mother not only *rouse* also. His vanity, equipments, and sometimes, he may deserve praise it, will be permanently benefited. Long lives persons have been found, who he can answer to assure to remember early rise in the important practice. And this may be connected with another prevalence of disease—namely, that the morning is the season for activity; he frame is invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and feels pleasure. The poor man's time is his place, so much more intensely than at other hours, to touch, and to feel, and to smell, and to taste. Let no man neglect his breakfast; and take all nature's bounties as a recipe for any which seasons can produce. Early rising and exercise, might make properly for animal food taken at dinner, or they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Every thing exercise more study, unless in any, requires of us, to train up our children to not them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as training useful impressions in the mind and heart, of important facts, moral principles, or religious feelings; and whoever tries principles or religious feelings; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child indigents to conduct the education of his child indigents to conduct the education of his child indigents